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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE chief event at the meeting of the League Council was the lengthy oration, supposed to have been composed by Lord Balfour, with which Mr. Austen Chamberlain made known to the world our inability to adhere to the Geneva Protocol. If we incline to regret the tone of this discourse our readers will not suspect us of nourishing a particular affection for the document it demolished. What we feel is that the main emphasis should have been placed upon the inferior efficacy likely to be discovered in the Protocol as a remedy for Europe's ailment, compared with that expected from other medicines. A doctor who advocates the treatment of an appendicitis case by dieting rather than by operation does well to dwell on the virtues of dieting rather than on the perils of operation, especially if an eventual operation may prove unavoidable. The Foreign Secretary would have done better to praise the superior merit, as an immediate remedy, of our own policy, than to underline so heavily the defects of the alternative treatment. His object should be to show that his country has a constructive, not merely a destructive, part to play in the movement towards disarmament.

THE DIFFICULTY

Mr. Chamberlain had a task which none would envy him. He had to declare his country's reasoned decision against the Protocol, if possible without leaving a loophole for the publicists of other countries to misrepresent the British Empire as the wrecker of the first serious attempt to abolish war. That any such imputation would be rubbish is nothing to the point : it is the kind of charge jealous foreign Powers have made before and that has done our reputation much harm. It was obviously more vital to the Empire to turn down the Protocol than to maintain a reputation for idealism resting—as we recognize—on infirm foundations : our desire for genuine peace and disarmament is certainly no less real than that of any country in the world. Perhaps in this instance it was almost beyond human power to avoid the risk of misrepresentation which is too often the reward of honesty.

THE INDIAN REFORMS INQUIRY

When the apologists for a system officially describe it as "complex, confused, having no

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

logical basis, rooted in compromise, defensible only as a transitional expedient," the case for it must indeed be hopeless. Yet we find running through the majority Report of the Indian Reforms Inquiry Committee a plea for the continuance of the Montagu-Chelmsford experiment. The contention is that it has not yet totally broken down in every part of India, and it is perfectly true that it has not. But complete failure has been averted only by the exertions of those who, by hypothesis, must increasingly discard power as the experiment proceeds. Where, then, is the justification for continuance? We shall return to the subject next week, to deal with it at length. The issue, affecting three-fourths of the population of the Empire, is of the very first importance.

TRADE UNIONS AND ARMY RESERVISTS

It is difficult to believe that the saner leaders of Labour will give any support to the unreasonable demands made by Trade Unions which look upon members of the Supplementary Reserve Forces as destined to be used in breaking strikes. Mr. Walsh, who expressed agreement with almost everything said by the Secretary for War on the Army Estimates, and Mr. Thomas, who, though rather grudging, was not unfriendly, should be able to reassure the suspicious. No War Minister, be he Conservative or Socialist, could possibly yield to the clamour against the use of specialists, like railway workers, when called up, in their own trade in this country. The two protesting Unions have had pledges from Mr. Walsh and from the present Secretary for War that the men will not be used in aid of the civil power. Any further concession would result in the creation of two classes of soldiers with different liabilities in the same Army, and cannot for a moment be contemplated.

THE RECRUITING SHORTAGE

Army recruiting, except in time of war and sometimes even then, has always been a difficulty in this country. The English, being a seafaring nation, do not take readily to the military life. An interesting extract from the SATURDAY REVIEW, illustrating the recruiting problem in 1865, is printed on another page of this issue. Then, the shortage of Army recruits was attributed to rising wages in industry; to-day the deficiency is said to be aggravated by the dole. This is all the more remarkable when we consider that the pay of the private soldier has been so immensely increased of late years and the inducements to serve made more alluring. Another reflection, alarming at first sight, is that induced by the statement that five out of every eight recruits are rejected on grounds of health. No doubt we are a C3 nation, but it has to be remembered that the Army has always had a reputation for attracting the scum, and although this may no longer be true, it is certainly the fact that many of the unfit have tried to enlist as an escape from unemployment. This goes far to explain the sinister statistics of "rejects."

OIL IN IRAQ

Troublesome and very lengthy negotiations over the exploitation of the oil-fields of Iraq are ended by the signature of the agreement between the Iraq Government and the Turkish Petroleum Company.

This Company, which owes its now rather misleading name to the fact that the territory was Turkish when it was formed, is a concern in which shares are held equally by four great groups—the Anglo-Persian, the Royal Dutch Shell, the American (including the Standard), and the French. The Americans are there, in a concern formerly dominated by the Anglo-Persian, the Royal Dutch Shell, and the Deutscher Bank, because they developed strong moral objections to the German share being taken over by the French and managed to get half its original share out of the Anglo-Persian. But since the Turkish Petroleum Company is registered in this country and the Chairman is always to be British, we perhaps need not grumble.

A BAD EXAMPLE

The alleged "kidnapping" of Comrade Pollitt, the Communist, on his way to address a meeting in Liverpool, has all the elements of comedy, and a dash of poetic justice. Nevertheless, it has a serious side to it. We have no sympathy with Comrade Pollitt, and our private opinion may be that it served him right. But what of the principle involved? Is not such an act of violence playing the Communist game? Is not this effort to interfere with the freedom of an individual an incitement to that individual and the party he represents to go and do likewise? Is it calculated to increase the respect of revolutionaries for the forces of law and order? Those who take upon themselves the guardianship of our traditions should be scrupulously careful to observe them. Those officially appointed to maintain the law are no doubt fully aware of the activities of Mr. Pollitt and his friends, and will take any action they may consider necessary. Private citizens, professed upholders of our rights and liberties, have no need to usurp the functions of the police. England has no place for Klu Klux Klans or any other well-meaning but interfering order of such a kind.

THE SAAR AND DANZIG

No less a person than M. Briand relapsed into calm slumber when the question of the Saar cropped up, according to its wont at the Council Meeting just ended—or so, at least, it is reported. The foisting upon the infant League of the guardianship of those turbulent young entities, the Saar Valley and the free city of Danzig, were among the worst errors committed in 1919. The coal mines of the Saar are in French possession. On the theory that their exploitation would be impossible were a German Administration to exercise sovereign powers in the Valley, a form of Government is imposed upon the area which pretends to be international and has always been purely French. Hence interminable complaints from the Saarlanders with regard to every detail of administration whenever the Council sits at Geneva. The case of Danzig is even worse. Is Danzig an independent State? Must its railways observe a Polish time-table? Who says what colour the pillar boxes are to be? Such are the controversies on which Europe's statesmen sit quarterly in ineffectual judgment. Moved by solicitude for them the Polish Press suggests how much simpler it would be to make over the whole of East Prussia to Poland and abolish the foolish corridor with its controversial exit.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

In both France and Germany politics play a greater part in daily life than in this island, where we can hardly tolerate more than one political theme at a time. Hence, although this is a period of such intense activity in international exchanges, it is also an era of turbulence on the inner political stages of both France and Germany. Germany is whelmed in a flood of financial scandals, the aftermath of five years' monetary chaos. From Reichstag to village council, every gathering of representatives of the people is busily engaged fishing out murky tales of exploitation by individuals of the other party, during the period of national misery. In this atmosphere polling will take place for Herr Ebert's successor, on whose identity any speculation would be rash, save that the one candidate with obviously outstanding qualifications, Dr. Hellbach, has no chance worth speaking of. In France Clericalism and finance hold the field. The ecclesiastical issue has just been raised anew by a singularly tactless pronouncement of a reactionary nature signed by the French episcopal bench, but so upsetting to liberal-minded Catholics that Rome has had to disclaim it, and the Archbishop of Paris virtually to recant in person in his cathedral.

ENEMY ALIENS

There has been natural anxiety on the part of British seamen lest the provisions of the Former Enemy Aliens (Disabilities Removal) Bill should increase unemployment among them. The speech made by the President of the Board of Trade on the Second Reading of the measure makes it clear that instead of lessening employment when the Bill becomes an Act, it will really increase employment. The changes contemplated in the law have been accepted by the Seafaring Council, as well as by the shipowners, who have, we understand, indicated to the seamen that only a few alien stewards and men in the catering department will be taken on for the emigration work, a business in which British ships will now be able to engage. This, of course, will mean that many ships hitherto laid up will now be put into commission, and a greater number of British seamen find employment. It will still be illegal for German seamen to enter this country in search of employment without a permit from the Ministry of Labour.

CANADA AND CHILD IMMIGRATION

For many years now the Dominion Government of Canada has paid special attention to the immigration of children. Long ago the Department of Immigration in Canada appointed a special officer whose duty it has been to make periodical visits to the farms in question, and reports of this officer's investigations are forwarded, from time to time, to the Ministry of Health, and through this source reach the societies and Boards of Guardians. For some time past a movement has been on foot to amend the regulations governing juvenile immigration to meet certain suggestions from this side. The Canadian Council for Child Welfare has now undertaken to make a preliminary inspection of homes before any children are placed therein; precautions will also be taken to ensure that no child shall be placed in any home which has pre-

viously been rejected as unsuitable, and measures taken to secure to young wage-earning immigrants a portion of their earnings. These are some of the chief changes, and there is no doubt that the new movement will be much appreciated both by the immigrating societies and Boards of Guardians.

TO INDIA BY AIR

Apart from the opportunity it has afforded to a British aeroplane and engine to prove their capacity for endurance under strenuous flying conditions, we do not think the reconnaissance flight of Sir Sefton Brancker and Mr. Alan Cobham to Burma and back has been of very much use. Sir Sefton is optimistic of the possibility of a commercial air service from Cairo to India, pessimistic about present developments in Europe itself; and for the Indian route he seems to regard the aeroplane as more suitable than the airship. If the speeding up of communications between India and this country by means of air power is to stop short at the Mediterranean, most of the advantage will be lost. Easy talk in the Press about giant air-liners to India and the East does a disservice to aviation by minimizing the immense difficulties yet to be overcome.

DIRTY LINEN

It is unfortunate, indeed, that such a crop of odious court cases should have come on for hearing within so short a period. For persons of education and sensitive tastes they only mean dull newspapers, with nothing to read in them save that which would be better left unread. But the effect on the less educated can hardly fail to be more serious, creating a quite unjustifiable impression that the state of society is rotten; they are not to know that the people involved in these disgraceful cases are not in the least representative of society. But perhaps the most deplorable aspect of this dirty linen washing is the example it affords of the relentless glare of modern publicity. We recently observed in the Press a photograph of one of the leading ladies in a certain notorious law suit *leaving her home*. The camera-man pursues his quarry to the traditional Englishman's castle; no place is sacred or secret. Another evil example of publicity is the effect of lurid details on weak minds. The murder of Elsie Cameron by the man Thorne was clearly an imitation of the notorious Mahon crime.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The Publishers have recently received letters from several subscribers complaining that they get their copies later than by the first post on Saturdays. The explanation is that the printers have recently removed to new premises in another postal district, which has resulted in some instances in a slight and quite temporary delay. We desire to express our regret to those subscribers who have suffered from this delay for the inconvenience caused them, and at the same time to assure them that prompt steps are being taken to ascertain the exact cause of it and to have it effectively remedied. Will subscribers kindly co-operate with us by informing us immediately of any irregularity in the receipt of their copies, enclosing, where practicable, the wrappers in which the copies were contained, or at all events giving the date and hour on the despatch postmark as well as the date and hour of delivery?

THE MAN OF PEACE

IT is some considerable time since anything in the affairs of domestic politics has aroused such interest or earned so spontaneous an outburst of approval in the Press of the country as have the recent speeches of the Prime Minister on industrial goodwill. Mr. Baldwin has emphatically found himself. It has frequently been observed how his second Premiership has been marked, so far as he personally is concerned, by an assertiveness and self-assurance by no means so conspicuous during his term of office in immediate succession to Bonar Law. He is strengthened, it would seem, by the knowledge of the country's belief in him; his confidence is increased by the confidence of others. Whatever the cause, he has certainly shown of late the temper and quality of leadership. He has displayed himself as a man who clearly knows where he wants to go and is determined to lead in that direction. Moreover, in feeling the support of the nation behind him, he has accurately gauged its sentiments; his recent utterances, it is plain, have struck a note that finds a ready echo in the hearts of ordinary men and women. He has found a voice for the nation. Some of what he has said may have disconcerted a section of his followers; it has, on the other hand, won him the enthusiastic support of another and highly-important section—the younger men of the party who are the elder statesmen of to-morrow. The Prime Minister in speaking as he does interprets the best spirit of Conservatism; but he understands, too, that as a result of their overwhelming victory at the last elections he and his Party represent more than strictly Conservative opinion, and that to retain the support of that opinion they must move on wider than strictly Conservative lines—or rather than of what has hitherto been considered as such in certain conventional quarters. He has therefore had the courage to cut to some extent across ordinary party lines and to call for national unity. It is not a new call, but it is a very necessary one, and it is made in this instance in the plainest accents of sincerity.

Mr. Baldwin's speech on the Political Levy Bill in the House of Commons, his speeches at Birmingham and Leeds, have been criticized by some on the ground that they showed no constructive statesmanship. It is true they appealed more to the heart than to the head, but who shall say that at the present juncture this is a positive fault? The first requisite of any effort to improve the situation as between workers and employers and to remove the jealousies and suspicions which have for so long embittered their relations, is the creation of a spirit of goodwill. We are aware that this is a quality easy to call for, hard to induce, but the point to remember is that so far the call itself has been too infrequently made. There has been too great a tendency to foster ill-will rather than good, to hinder accommodation rather than help it. For this reason we regard Mr. Baldwin's overture as a useful, nay, an indispensable, preliminary. In itself it is not enough: words must be followed by deeds, the head must collaborate with the heart—and as senior partner. Whether the Prime Minister possesses also the qualities of construction, or can draw them out of his team, remains to be seen. What is certain

already is that he has the necessary will for such developments, and that without that will no understanding can be effected.

In some ways, the spirit of these speeches is the most hopeful portent since the Armistice. Mr. Baldwin is a man of peace, and the country needs peace: it has had enough of war. It is a curious fact which we have often observed that many of our more noisy "pacifists" make their own country (or the country of their adoption) the one exception to their rule against bloodshed. Those most emphatic in their denunciations of foreign wars most consistently incite their own countrymen to revolution. As an antidote to this peculiar and perverse poison of class-hatred Mr. Baldwin offers his olive branch. The wisest among the Labour leaders have already accepted it. If he can infuse his whole party with his own spirit, he will make a great party; if he can infuse the nation with it, he may save the nation, and make his mark as a great Prime Minister. Does it need the test of warfare to unite our country? Can workers and employers only be at peace when the country is at war? Must they always be at war with one another when the country is at peace? At least Mr. Baldwin seeks to create an atmosphere in which the two main components of industrial efficiency may work together peacefully in peacetime. Other qualities besides goodwill are requisite to consummate this devout desire, but without goodwill none of them is anything worth: if we have not Charity we are nothing. Mr. Baldwin's aspirations as expressed in his recent speeches—none the less sound for being simple—have therefore our unstinted approval. If he can go on as he has begun, if he can follow up intention with action, he may well prove the leader for whom the country is looking. Can he?

THE EGYPTIAN ELECTIONS

THE actual balance of parties in Egypt, so far as the preponderance of votes in the recent Elections is concerned, can hardly be considered free from doubt. Recriminations will be heard when the new Parliament assembles. But that there has been a very considerable change of opinion in the country since the early days of last year, when Zaghlul was swept into power and the control of a House of Deputies composed almost entirely of his own supporters, there can be no doubt at all.

We shall be well advised to turn a deaf ear to the mutual accusations of "rigging" the elections which both sides are certain to prefer. The actual electorate, the real voting strength in the Egyptian constituencies, knows and cares nothing about political issues. It votes as it is ordered or intimidated, cajoled or bought. Where in a European country we should look for a turnover in the electorate, in Egypt we must look only for a change of mind on the part of the political "bosses." They are the index finger of the restricted scope of political hopes or apprehensions, which stands in Egypt as a substitute for public opinion. And, in the very narrow sense in which alone the term is appropriate to Egyptian politics, the mind of the country has undergone a complete revolution of thought since Zaghlul swept the electorate twelve months ago, while Adly, Sidky,

and Sarwat Pashas, his opponents, for the most part did not dare to face the constituencies.

In attempting to diagnose the causes for such a political revolution, we must not exaggerate the probability that a new temper has emerged in Egypt in relation to the outstanding questions with England. The primary cause is undoubtedly hostility to Zaghlul as a personal factor in politics. Zaghlul has long passed beyond the rôle of a revered patriotic leader. His reputation as such may linger among the school-boys and the extreme fanatics. But among all other classes he has long since suffered a considerable eclipse. His personal pride and his extreme self-assertion have diminished whatever popularity his fanatical hatred of England has earned. We shall not be far wrong if we conclude that the prime cause of the revulsion of feeling, which has set in against him, is a rebellion against his intolerable jealousy of all rivals and competitors. Apart from the revolt against Zaghlul's personality, there has undoubtedly been a growing feeling that a mistake was made when power was put into his reckless hands. His irresponsible handling of the political helm very nearly wrecked the ship of state on its maiden voyage. No love for England need be postulated of those who have had the sense to see that the irresponsible course of open and covert hostility, which resulted in the English ultimatum of a few months ago, humiliated Egypt in its first year of independence. Any Egyptian politician with an ounce of intelligence must shrink from the consequences which could hardly fail to follow on a repetition of the recklessness that caused the murder of the Sirdar. A sense of his personal dignity is almost the strongest motive-force which ever impels an Egyptian to action, and the feeling that Egypt has exposed herself to the humiliation of being sternly called to order by a strong power has reflected a great burst of national animosity against the party whose action courted rebuff.

Students of the situation should be warned against the temptation to regard any political section in Egypt as more pro-English in persuasion than any other. But there are men in Egypt with some glimmering of a common-sense view of practical politics, who realize that nothing is to be gained, while much may be imperilled, by an obstinate refusal to discuss the adjustment of Egyptian aspirations and British necessities. We must not build our hopes too high. The unpopularity which inevitably tends to overtake whatever Government is returned to power in Egypt may prevent them from approaching the task. But it is at least highly significant that Sarwat Pasha, during whose premiership the independence of Egypt was declared, should have recently made a public speech acknowledging his country's debt to England. Twelve months ago the delivery of such a speech would have been unimaginable.

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ARMS AND MANKIND

“IN order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the clauses which follow.” Thus opens Part V of the Treaty of Versailles, and the goal indicated is that towards which the eyes of all who esteem seriously their lives and the civilization which moulded them must be turned. To what extent Germany has fulfilled those obligations strictly remains wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. The Report of the Control Commission, by that body presented to the Council of Ambassadors, thence unloaded on to the Versailles Committee, returned with comments to the Ambassadors, once more wafted back to Versailles, and now for the third time in the hands of the Ambassadors, is still not visibly nearer publication than three months ago, when action was taken in virtue of it.

On the basis of the available information, few in this country will dissent from the view that while in strict law Germany can probably very easily be shown not to have observed the clauses in question, the menace of German armaments is quite certainly not so grave to-day that the consideration of a general limitation need be adjourned by a single hour upon account of it.

To such a general disarmament the Protocol was designed to serve as preface. But the Protocol is dead, or at least without prospect of playing, for a very long time to come, any real part in international discussions. It is but a card in the hands of statesmen instead of a charter of the nations, as it proudly set out to be. Hardened realists, like M. Briand and M. Benes, may proudly exhibit it as a certificate of internationalist idealism, but beyond that its rôle can hardly at present extend. Maybe, in a year or two we shall look back and judge that nothing became it in life like the leaving of it. For scarcely had Mr. Chamberlain delivered his heavy, rather clumsy, death-blow to the document, when the Atlantic cables began to buzz sweetly with promises of the time when war shall be no more. As we write there is no official, but abundant semi-official, news of a project entertained at Washington for summoning a fresh Disarmament Conference not only to complete the very partial work of the Washington Conference of 1922 in the domain of marine armaments, but also to tackle the question of land armaments. The interest of America in diminishing the armies of Europe is twofold. An idealist impetus is not to be denied: there is also the feeling that revenues now devoted by European countries to maintaining numberless legions would be better applied to the repayment to her of the War Debt.

The mere fact that this invitation (as we write not yet officially delivered) comes from Washington, does not remove the difficulties deep rooted in European history and in the terms of the Versailles Treaty, which have hitherto militated against a limitation of land armaments. Yet when the Dawes and McKenna Committees began to function on the Reparations issue, Sir John Bradbury dismissed them as “pills to cure earthquakes.” The cure seems miraculously to have been effective. Is it possible that America has another such potent, though unassuming, drug in her store?

A FAMILY OF FAILURES

By A. A. B.

THESE Memoirs* of the Hope family written by Mr. and Mrs. Law, about their grandparents and great-uncles, have two rare merits, brevity and candour. Indeed the account of the three sons of Thomas Hope is so comically candid as to induce a doubt in my mind whether it is written for the purpose of ridicule or admiration. I know nothing of the Hopes, except what I have read in this book, from whose pages I infer that the family was a most disagreeable collection of relatives. Thomas Hope, the father, a Dutch banker, fled from Holland to this country at the time (1794) when the army of the French Republic was over-running Europe. He liked England so well that he became a naturalized subject, and never went back to Holland. The Dutch are not a handsome race, and when Thomas Hope married the beautiful Louisa Beresford, daughter of the first Lord Decies, Primate of Ireland, they were known in London as "Beauty and the Beast." Thomas was rich, a fond husband, a great collector of pictures and statuary, ostentatious in his entertainments, and, finally, the author of 'Anastasia,' a novel of which Byron said that he would have given his life, or his best poem, to have written. As Byron, however, said much the same thing of 'Vathek,' written by Beckford, parts of which I have read, it was apparently easy for an eccentric millionaire to acquire fame by a novel during the barren period between Jane Austen and Dickens and Thackeray.

Thomas was not a bad fellow, and after having three sons by his beautiful wife, he left her an amply endowed widow, who married her notorious cousin William, Viscount Beresford, Marshal of Portugal. To his three sons, Henry, Adrian, and Alexander, Thomas left money, jewels, and pictures, and that famous place near Dorking, The Deepdene. The fortunes of these three gentlemen were considerably augmented by the great wealth of two Dutch uncles, Henry Philip and Adrian, with whom this history is not concerned. None of the Beresford luck seems to have been transmitted by the mother to her boys; for with brains and plenty of money they were all failures. The result is not so surprising when one learns that they were all quarrelsome and avaricious. They quarrelled with one another about the family jewels, the pictures, and the legacies, and the two elder brothers hardly came up to the standard of English respectability. Henry, the eldest, who succeeded to The Deepdene, entertained wits, and artists, and politicians. He married a French woman, whom his friend Disraeli described as "a child of nature; never heard of Sir Robert Peel." His daughter married the disreputable Duke of Newcastle, whom she divorced, and married Mr. Hohler. They lived at the house which is now the Junior Athenæum Club, and were for many years well-known figures in London society. The second brother, Adrian, married a French countess, and was even more unfortunate, himself, his son, and granddaughters being involved in matrimonial troubles.

Thus the two elder branches of the family ended in zero. Alexander, the youngest, is the chief sub-

ject of this volume, and, if he did not achieve success either as a politician or as an "ecclesiologist" (his own word), was at least eminently respectable, and died in the odour of Anglo-Catholicism. As a young man he dreamed of chasubles, but was content with copes; and these being his tastes, it is needless to add that he spent his life in quarrelling with parsons and architects and his money on building and rebuilding Anglo-Catholic churches. Like the first Lord Grimthorpe, Beresford Hope had a way of embittering theological controversy, and as a human being he was extraordinarily callous to the feelings of others, particularly where money had to be spent. As an instance of this inhumanity he planted one of his most intimate friends in a remote living in a building of his own construction, and then seeing an opportunity of saving £80 he refused to make a well at the curate's house. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that he could, or should, at least try the experiment of doing with water from the parsonage well, the maid or the man might carry two pails slung across their back. For washing he will always have an ample supply of rain-water." But even the parsonage well proved insufficient, and Alexander congratulated the Webbs, his friends, on being Christians and not Mahomedans, "as you can adjust your ablutions to the supply." Such a man was not likely to be popular, and he seems to have infected his wife (the late Lord Salisbury's sister) with his own parsimony, for we find Lady Mildred Hope remonstrating with the incumbent of St. Andrew's on the great waste of money for the last two years, from fifteen shillings to a pound, spent on four standard pink azaleas for the decorations at a Church festival.

As a politician Beresford Hope was a Free Lance, and had his share of the changes and obloquy that befall that character. Bedgebury, the barrack which he inherited from his stepfather and whose hideousness he increased by the addition of a storey, is a few miles from Maidstone, then a notoriously corrupt borough. From 1841 to 1852 Hope sat as an Independent Conservative, and was bled by the Maidstonites once as a Tory, and twice as an Independent. After ten years he had enough, and stood for Dungeness as an advanced Liberal, or so his enemies said. But Anglo-Catholicism is the last thing to be popular in Ireland; and he remained outside Parliament for five years. In 1857 the electors of Maidstone had, probably by abstinence, become more moderate, and induced their former Member to sit again, his consideration being a free hand as to politics, and theirs a less free hand as to subscriptions. There was no pretence of loyalty on either side, and Beresford Hope immediately began intriguing for what had become his political ambition, one of the Cambridge University seats. Low Church Toryism was strong among Cambridge graduates in those days, and Hope was forced into many a tight corner. In 1865, after an unsuccessful fight in 1862, Hope was returned for Stoke-on-Trent, and had his opportunity of attacking Disraeli on the Tory Reform Bill, a venture which was probably inspired by his brother-in-law, Lord Cranborne. *Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli*. Disraeli's "Batavian grace" was more than a reply to Hope's elaborate invective about the "Asian mystery." Disraeli's

* 'The Book of the Beresford Hopes,' by H. W. Law and I. Law. Heath Cranton. 12s. 6d. net.

magnanimity was proof against the hatred and sneers of a supporter, on whom he could never rely, and in 1880 Lord Beaconsfield secured for him the rank of a Privy Councillor, a greater honour then than now. In the election of 1867 Beresford Hope was returned for Cambridge University, and held the seat till his death in 1887.

In 1855, when he was out of Parliament, Beresford Hope secured what his biographers describe as the only success of his life by founding the SATURDAY REVIEW, "a paper not bound to any party, but written by a combination of Peelite Conservatives and moderate Liberals, and to be the mouthpiece of the middle moderate opinions of thoughtful and educated society." With capital to back it, and John Douglas Cook, one of the ablest journalists of that day, to edit it, the new weekly had no difficulty in commanding an array of brilliant pens that must make the modern editor's mouth water: Freeman, Froude, Goldwin Smith, Maine, Kingsley, Fitzjames Stephen, Bagehot, Playfair, Venables, Harcourt were among its regular contributors, and the Laws forget to mention young John Morley looking shyly at Lord Robert Cecil across Cook's waiting-room. In reading of the extraordinary success, financial and intellectual, of the first ten years of the SATURDAY REVIEW, it must be remembered that in the mid-Victorian period there was virtually no competition. The only other serious intellectual weekly was the *Spectator*, and that was written, run, and read by Dissenters, almost exclusively, R. D. Hutton, the editor, being a prominent Non-conformist streaked with rationality. To-day there are at least half-a-dozen weeklies, each claiming to be the mouthpiece of "thoughtful and educated society." In 1868 Cook died, and Harwood succeeded as editor, "but the great days of the SATURDAY were over," write the Laws, "and though the paper maintained an established position, it ceased to be a privilege to write for it." That remark is true to-day of all papers, daily, evening, and weekly, and of all magazines, democratic quantity having ruined the prestige of journalism. Financial profits, however, failed to satisfy the founder. "Even the success of the SATURDAY is in some respects the failure of myself, as anonymous journalism involves self-effacement." The modern journalist shares the opinion of Beresford Hope so heartily that in an age when self-advertisement is presented to us as a duty, anonymous journalism in the weeklies has almost ceased to exist.

TO STE. BAUME

WATCHING the eddying of the Marseilles crowd—hats, caps and shakos, turbans and fezzes—from an over-crowded and dusty café of the Cannebière, we fell to imagining the hills coolly adream to the northward, tumbled masses leading on to the first foothills of the Southern Alps, the place that once was sanctuary for Mary Magdalene, and that even now could be won by pilgrimage. The lights of the city were yellow, wickedly yellow, against a daylight that had not yet faded, and the hot dust of the pavement wafted, in unwelcome little gusts, over the little tables. And we reflected that, if we would, we could be out of all this unholy stir before the threatening dusk had fallen upon us, out so far

that its very recollection would be shadowy, and we would be saying: "Can you conceive that a few hours back we were in the Cannebière, enduring heat and dust and the weariness that comes of ceaseless crowds?" Close upon the longing came the resolve, and within ten minutes we were in one of those fast trams that take you to Aubagne, running under the Valentine Hills at a glorious speed to drop you fifteen kilometres clear of all the press of the town. From Aubagne, a wide-set, cool and pleasant place, we strode out vigorously, for we had to earn our night's rest and atone for loafing in cafés. We could, at any rate, make Geminos, and as it was to be reached, we knew, only by a flat and dusty road, it would be work well done, and saved from the exertions of the morrow. And the morrow would have to be a very full day, indeed, if we were to reach Ste. Baume and get back before nightfall, as we were obliged, to Marseilles. At intervals cypress-trees threw their shadows over the white road, showing clear under the riding of the moon. We caught at last the vague outline of the hills we were making for, and pushed towards them rejoicing like children at our freedom. We were considering the *pros* and *cons* of sleeping in a barn when we entered the long village that is Geminos, and found on turning the first corner the café that wiped the discussion from our foolish minds. Barns! it breathed at us with all its amplitude. And we stayed.

We were up at four-thirty, and led off straight away from Geminos by the torrent under the branch of hills that dies down here into the plain. The light was merely a faint percolation over their heads, and we had to strike a trail that led somewhere into that jumble of stone long before it got strong enough to give us any assistance. The Alpine Club, to whom all thanks and honour, has, however, blazed this trail, and for an hour or more we were striking matches to distinguish their red arrows on likely-looking lumps that projected into our path, or on masses overhanging into the gloom before us. There was also, however, a trail blazed blue that led away from ours, and at the forking of the two we had the bad luck to follow it, and to be obliged to scramble back painfully to our own rather uncertain footway. The dawn wind blew cold from over the crests, and the strengthening light found us in a lost world. Those grey stone masses which here made the hills, tumbled and piled and lined by torrents, stood up melancholy, weird and forbidding, and trees and shrubs clung to them in a fashion eerie and unearthly. Occasionally there would be a sudden and unreasonable cutting away of our particular hill, and the track we were so careful to keep would look down into a far and desolate grave of stone, while everywhere around us in the steely light those unforgiving heights glimmered down immutable. We struggled through that formless wilderness until we reached the foot of the pass that led up to the higher plain—le plan d'Aups—running right along under the further massif and below Ste. Baume itself. The keen dawn wind came shrilling from the height, and we turned to see, in the last of the early light that had seemed so unearthly during the two hours' struggle from the high road, the savage beauty of the barrier we had crossed. The pass in front, at any rate, was unmis-

takable. So was the sheer toil in wait for us in the track of slithering stone that reached to it. Our climb became a fight. We had not rested at all, and we began to look anxiously for a spot that would shelter us from the racing wind while we ate the food we had brought from Geminos. We needed our respite when we reached at last the rough shelter that had been built by a charcoal-burner. We crouched in thankfully to eat our bread and meat, and to drink our red wine.

The wind quietened with the breaking of the morning, and we climbed strongly up the rest of the way to the level of the Plan. There ahead of us stretched the forest, and for fairway our fierce stone tracks had given place to woodland paths, pine-needles, and grass. The keen wind dropped here to a cool, sweet air. We had come into a different land. The trees of this place were taller and greener, and the early sun filtered through them to lighten the spreading mosses. Though we had no time for resting, our pace grew easier, as we looked down upon the friendly Plan d'Aups from this wood of beneficence more like leisured wanderers now than hard-pushed travellers.

As Ste. Baume is approached the path becomes more ordered—it is, no doubt, within the orbit of the dwellers of the monastery—and it breaks finally, underneath the terrific frown of Mont St. Pilon, into the Chemin des Croix, the road with the fourteen crosses that leads to the doors of the holy cave. But the last climb, up Mont St. Pilon itself, hanging so threateningly over us, was not the desperate business that it looked. To the north there is a well-defined track, and a hard twenty minutes' scramble took us well on to the gentler slope that led to the summit. Up here among the crags the wind was keen again, and we were glad enough to take our second rest inside the little stone shelter that shut out the sheer drop down to our woodland path, and looked away towards the sea. We could not see the Alps proper, as is possible from here on a clear day, for the mists were roving in the valleys, which even at noon looked spectral from that great height. But stretched across the farther country, shutting it off from the Riviera, and barring the sweep of the Mistral in its fierce rush from the Rhone Valley, lay two long masses of tumbled rock, the Massif de Béguines and the Massif des Maures, the guards of the Riviera and of its magnificent climate.

L. A. P.

VERSE

NOON FROM THE CLOUDS

TO leave the azure for the amethyst,
The definite earth and the less definite sea,
The incredible warming windiness, to be
A bird, poised on the bosom of a mist,
A central indweller of Beauty, kissed
By the displacement of one's motion free,
With mind triumphant over "I" and "me,"
Why, this is noon, why, this is to exist!

The airship's course is certain as a barge,
But starts no ripple on the tide of day,
Only its flying-fish emblem through the glen
And all that can bear shadow, small or large.
Abbeville's steeple goes the Channel's way;
O the soft pilotage of sunlit men!

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

THE THEATRE LOITERERS AND MALCONTENTS

BY IVOR BROWN

A Man With a Heart. By Alfred Sutro. Wyndham's Theatre.
The Painted Swan. By Princess Bibesco. The Everyman Theatre.

Persevering Pat. By Lynn Doyle. The Little Theatre.

THE wheel of mechanism in stage-craft has come full circle. Whereas once no popular play could end save to the music of wedding-bells and visions of marriage without tears, now no popular play can begin without a guilty tapping on the bedroom door. Already these close-packed infidelities, with their aphoristic paramours and slick-tongued fly-by-nights, are as stale as the felicitous gurglings of the sweet-and-twenty couples who used to clasp hands and join lips to a slow curtain and the distant dithering of the amorous violin. Reaction will overtake reaction, and soon, no doubt, we shall be back among innocent ecstasies and noble adorations, ending our evenings as of old with a heavy storm of lovers' vows. Is it too much to hope that, before we have swung back from one extremity of nonsense to the other, we may pause awhile in the middle kingdom of common-sense?

Current events in the law courts may suggest that the dramatist of lechery is the abstract and brief chronicle of his time. Certainly our dramatists write down to love-lorn Biron's notion of Dan Cupid:

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

Night after night they introduce us to the folk who have too much time to be virtuous, too much money to be honourably employed in keeping the bailiff from the door, and too little brain to loiter otherwise than in pursuit of clandestine adultery. The law-court test gives specious support to such drama's claims to realism. But to judge a nation by its law suits is like judging a school by the pupils it expels.

All around the people who write plays an intensely dramatic battle is raging. The tragic hero of to-day is behind the trim curtains of any suburban street. He is striving to give his children a better education than he had himself, while he is under compulsion to educate some dozen of his poorer neighbour's children, to maintain that neighbour in his times of unemployment, and to pay the war debts of half the world. This long and often-losing struggle to keep a decent end up is surely far more typical of our time than the bickerings and adulteries of a flashy set. It does not break out in high dramatic moments, and to make a play of it would need far more of skill than is demanded by the garnishing of shoddy intrigues with shoddy epigrams. That, presumably, is why the tragic hero is left to his suburban tradesmen and the visitations of the Inland Revenue. The loiterers and malcontents are what the Americans call "theatre." Messalina, says Tacitus, grew tired of adultery because it was so easy. I could wish that our dramatists would drop the subject for the same reason.

What a casual, trivial affair, for instance, is 'A Man With a Heart.' There is nothing in it but a slack-fibred rotter and his three women; a few reach-me-down theatre types fill up the scene, but no more is demanded of the audience than that

it should observe the embarrassment and the escape of an empty philanderer from the results of his affectionate loitering. I sought without success for some spice of character, some elements of criticism or a creed. Plain story-telling will do very well, it may be answered, without sermons as a by-product. But the narrative quality of Mr. Sutro's play was middling work, and not even the easy, gracious manner of Sir Gerald du Maurier could stir me to any concern about the fate of the furtive amorist whom he presented. Sir Gerald, I think, is not best suited by the atmosphere of drawing-room Don Juanism; his personality has far too much fine weather in its composition for these exhibitions of the sultry storm.

Princess Bibesco deals also in loiterers and malcontents, and here again the narrative quality is insufficiently strong to make the company of her characters enjoyable or even endurable. She takes us to a world of cultured prattlers, whose conversation is made up of limp epigrams and the kind of cleverness that is more dismal than any folly. Fortunately her play has a brilliant cast; fortunately it has Miss Edith Evans to portray her central figure; fortunately also the third act gives Miss Evans a chance to exercise her sweeping tragic power. Although 'The Painted Swan' takes us into the kind of environment that has become definitely tedious (that of society "Smart Alecs," whose morals are no better than their epigrams), it is not a play to be missed, for the double reason that Lady Candover is a fresh kind of sinner, and that Miss Evans plays her part with a nervous intensity and a revelation of a romantic woman's disillusion that fairly tear the play out of its gawdy trimmings and make it as actual as life itself. One can forget the bleak spaces of cynical chatter and the wearisome assumption that unlawful love is the dramatist's most lawful occasion. Miss Evans gradually dominates the trivial scene and sheds over it the sovereignty of her portraiture. The loiterers would be quite unbearable if it were not for the quiet skill of Mr. Felix Aylmer and Mr. Clifford Mollison, and the provocative child presented by Miss Elissa Landi. It need hardly be said that actors like Mr. Frank Cellier and Mr. Allan Jeayes fill in their corners of the picture to perfection.

'Persevering Pat' is to be recommended as a breath of fresh air. A play from the shelf about legacy-hunting baggages in an Irish village does not sound exciting, but it has the muscularity of Irish phrasing that turns our society epigrams into the sorriest pulp of words. Moreover, though Mr. Doyle may take an ancient theme, his nationality breaks through in the twists and turns he gives it. The nucleus of the old Irish Players are there to speak for him, and to listen to Miss Maire O'Neill and Messrs. Sinclair and O'Donovan is a play-goer's education in itself.

ART

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

The Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street

IN the SATURDAY REVIEW not very long ago, I referred to Mr. Sickert as the great chronicler of little things. One spoke of him then as an individual; but he is more than that; he is the chief English exponent of a most important characteristic

of the content of modern art. That characteristic is abundantly illustrated in the three exhibitions which are being held at the Goupil Gallery.

At the beginning of European art, the Primitives let their interest in rendering human beings and things, as well as landscape, peep out, but when art was first secularized, the classic spirit, although it assimilated landscape, still somewhat checked the frank avowal of this interest. Then came the Dutch *genre* painters, and after them, mainly through France, spread the general acceptance of the commonplaces of life as a fit subject for art, only it was the business of the artist to present them in an uncommonplace light. Through all the turmoil of recent art theories and practice, this new spirit has prevailed, and the painting of such classical subjects as the nude is now more generally done in such a way that the subject does not appear to be posing, but about her or his proper business.

Consider, for example, Mr. Bernard Meninsky's beautiful drawing, 'Model Dressing.' Here, of course, the primary intent is the significant rendering of the form and texture of a nude woman, but the pose is, as it were, unposed, the woman caught naked, as it were, by accident. Or consider again Mr. Sickert's great picture 'La Toilette.' In the outer lobby of an unpretentious room a girl is washing. She is bent over her washstand in a superbly beautiful attitude, the head hidden, the whole situation professedly unstudied, and yet a little examination will show that the exquisite forms and colours, the plum and blue and green, are, in fact, as carefully chosen and related as ever was done by Ingres to set off his deliberate Odalisques. The difference here is one of effect, and incidentally of technique; the English painter wishes to render a nude, so does the French: the one wishes to suggest what might easily be seen, the other what he has deliberately exposed. The same argument may be applied to Mr. Sickert's other nudes, the 'Petit Matin,' the less successful 'Jeanne.' It may be applied also to M. Henri Matisse's masterly drawings 'Femme Nue Couchée' and 'Femme Assise.'

This general tendency, which is, after all, simply "naturalism," applies itself also to the charming effects of *déshabille*, the modern equivalent to drapery. Again Mr. Sickert, with his 'The Blue Corset,' is the finest English illustration, but one of the more distinguished of our women painters, Miss Laura Knight, has specialized in "behind the curtain" accidents. Her 'Circus People' and her 'Paint and Powder' are excellent examples, although so much less pleasant in quality of paint, and so much less intimately accidental than Mr. Sickert's.

Without venturing into the somewhat different realm of "naturalistic" landscape, different because landscape is, by general acceptance, "beautiful," I would draw special attention to Mr. Spencer Gore's 'L. & N.W. Railway.' In this type of work the modern painter shows himself anxious to hammer out the beauty of what, by general acceptance, is "ugly." It might be said that a primary doctrine of the "naturalistic" school is to disprove the existence of ugliness, or—to express my idea less controversially, perhaps—to demonstrate that beauty is subjective and may be found by the artist in absolutely any sub-

ject—Wordsworth's theory applied to part, in fact.

This "naturalism"—and, let me repeat, that by naturalism is meant nothing whatever to do with method, least of all photographic representation—this "naturalism" has driven painters to seek expression not only of the business of life, washing and dressing, but of its pleasures, more particularly of its simple, universal pleasures. Mr. Sickert is, of course, the great painter of our music-halls, but that branch of his art is not exemplified at the Goupil. Instead we have Miss Sylvia Gosse's 'Percy Honri at the New Oxford,' 'Marjorie Fulton at the New Oxford,' and several others. Her work is interesting and apt, but a little tricky, a little inclined to concern itself with freak points of view and effects.

I have referred hardly at all to the important collection of French drawings. In so extensive and varied an exhibition, only one aspect may be selected for treatment, and I have mentioned only those pictures which notably illustrated my point, but I do not wish to leave any impression that they are alone worthy of sincere consideration and admiration. The exhibition is not only large, but of wonderfully sustained quality.

The Little Art Rooms, 8 Duke Street, Adelphi.

Mr. C. Dillon McGurk has opened his first London exhibition in Mr. Furst's attractive little gallery. He could not have chosen better, because, as the large room of drawings at the Goupil so clearly demonstrates, only oil can really stand up to space. And yet, as woodcuts go, Mr. McGurk's are remarkably emphatic. Their vigour, their clear, natural quality, their admirable feeling for the material, is a great relief after the somewhat finicky manner of so much recent woodcutting. They are woodcuts for the wall, not for the portfolio, and yet they quite avoid coarseness or clumsiness of statement. Mr. McGurk should take immediately a leading place among modern British woodcutters.

NOW AND THEN

FROM THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW,' 1865

In connexion with the Debate on the Army Estimates in the House of Commons last week, the quotation which follows, from an article on the Army Estimates in the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 25, 1865, is of interest.

"One of the most important points on which an explanation was called for [in the Parliamentary Debate] was the proposed reduction of the Army by 4,000 men. . . . It was generally suspected that the inducements to this course were the difficulty of keeping up the supply of recruits, and the pressure put upon the War Office for retrenchment of some kind. It is acknowledged that the reduction exactly coincides with the deficiency that has already arisen. . . . It does seem, however, that the alarm on the score of recruits has been a little exaggerated. We have not yet reached the point where the average supply at the peace standard of bounty falls short of the average demand; but it is not denied that we are on the verge of that position, and, unless the current should be changed by increased inducement to enlist, the tendency of the times undoubtedly is unfavourable to recruitment. Improving wages in England and increased emigration from Ireland will tell upon the harvests of the recruiting sergeant, and the only way of overcoming the difficulty is to persist in that improvement of the soldier's well-being and prospects which has of late years been the object of so much solicitude."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday

HELP FOR FARMERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Minister of Agriculture is, no doubt, being inundated with suggestions for the benefit of our most important industry. Rashly, perhaps, I venture to make a few further reflections.

When agriculture prospers it seems to shed its benefits over the whole land, while in a contrary direction general depression results. Although in comparison with other countries our acreage is small, it is good and most responsive to treatment. Those farming on a large scale would be much heartened if assured of stability. Two or more ways suggest themselves:

1. Payment by results by giving a guaranteed minimum price of 60s. a quarter for all wheat sent to mills or granaries.
2. A further lightening of taxation.
3. For security against war or "rings," State granaries to be established capable of holding a year's supply. These would be of assistance to the farmer enabling him to thresh his corn at harvest time, thereby saving the expense of thatching and loss by weather and vermin that occurs when corn is left in the stack. He would have the straw for disposal, if allowed to do so under his lease, or for other purposes; and also be in possession of funds for immediate use if desired.
4. No flour to be imported but only the raw grain. This would give employment to many in the milling trade and place a large amount of cheap offals at the disposal of feeders of stock, pigs and poultry, and should also provide cheaper white and certainly cheaper brown bread. (This year doctors at the Medical Conference and in other places have condemned the ordinary white bread, stating that it may be one of the chief causes of rheumatism, indigestion and cancer, and that if only people could be induced to eat brown or standard bread they would benefit both in health and pocket.)

Besides considering the larger farmer special attention should be paid to the small farmer and smallholder, whose number might be greatly increased, the former farming up to fifty acres and the latter from two to ten acres. France gives us an object lesson in these two classes. They are a great asset to the State, being thrifty, hard-working and law-abiding. A farmer holding 1,000 acres provides direct employment only for himself, his family and some labourers; while 1,000 acres divided into two, ten or fifty acre holdings provides healthy and profitable work for a large number. Proportionally, the land will produce far more per acre than when held in larger acreage and the demand for tools of all sorts would be much increased.

A 14-lb. parcel post would be a boon to smallholders.

The Board of Agriculture might send experts into the villages to lecture and advise.

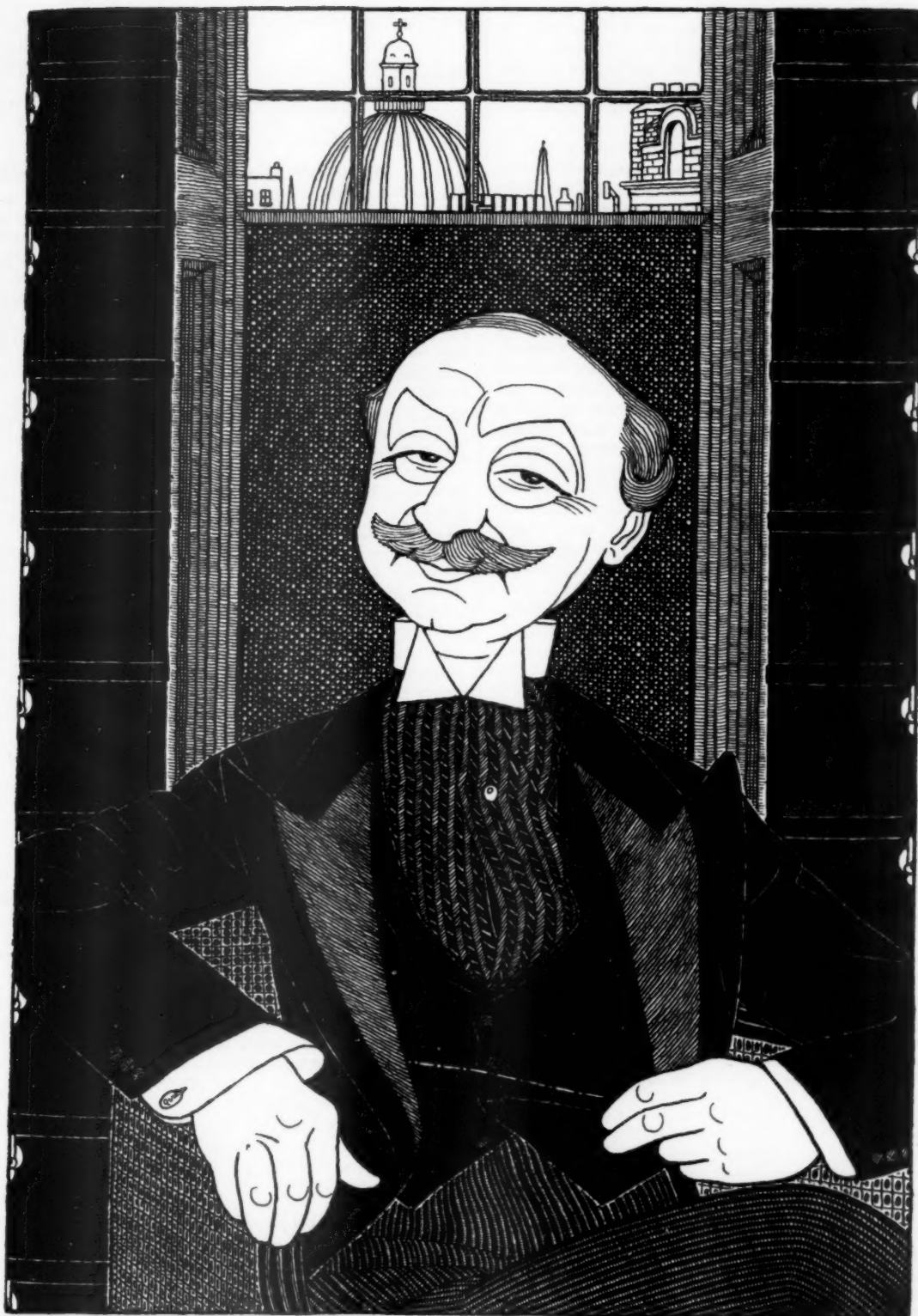
It seems that on the score of health alone and for relieving the congestion in the towns, these smallholdings should be encouraged. No doubt, in time, the dullness of the evenings in villages arising from these smallholdings would be relieved by the appearance of cinemas and dancing halls, so necessary, apparently, for present-day happiness.

I am, etc.,

HENRY J. STONE,

Lt.-Colonel

Bedfords Lodge, Windsor



Dramatis Personæ. No. 143.

By 'Quiz.'

SIR GEORGE LEWIS, BT.

THE UPKEEP OF ROADS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—You referred strongly the other day to the difficulty of maintaining the roads in a reasonable condition, notwithstanding the enormous sums spent upon them. Well, surely the time has come for the owners of motor vehicles of every description to recognize that it is the duty of those who use the roads to contribute to their upkeep in proportion, so far as can be ascertained, to the wear and tear caused by each different kind of motor vehicle?

Probably, in theory, four-fifths of the cost of upkeep should be provided in this way, but I suggest that at the present time equity would be satisfied if three-fifths of the total cost of all the roads came from motor-vehicle owners, one-fifth from the Imperial Exchequer—since roads are of national importance from the standpoint of national defence—and one-fifth from the local authority, since good roads are a benefit to others besides owners of motor vehicles.

There are any number of light cars in this country paying £20 duty or thereabouts, and doing a yearly average of 10,000 miles. Now nobody can seriously contend that less than a halfpenny a mile—say 4s. for a hundred miles journey—is an adequate contribution to the cost of the roads, as that cost runs to-day. Double the amount would be barely sufficient, and I suggest that the Government should devise a scheme of combined licence duty and petrol tax on the assumption that motor bicycles should pay a halfpenny a mile, light cars a penny, heavy cars, motor-buses and charabancs three-halfpence, and heavy lorries two-pence.

I am, etc.,

Scarcroft, nr. Leeds

C. F. RYDER

IMPERIAL AIR ROUTES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker's journey over the greater part of two continents is a notable triumph for British aviation, and has brought the establishment of a network of Imperial air services an appreciable stage nearer; but already in connexion with it, as in connexion with every advance that is made in air navigation, one hears absurd mutterings that air strength is rapidly taking the place of sea strength in the equilibrium of world power.

People who talk thus allow their imagination to outstrip their judgment. Air power may be important in overcrowded Europe, but on the sea and also indeed in the great empty land spaces of the world, an aeroplane or seaplane a few hundred miles from its base, be it ground station or "mother" ship, is a helpless object. Those who have experienced a storm at sea, or even "half a gale of wind" in a little vessel, know well that many and many a decade must elapse before your aerial warship will be ocean-safe—if it ever can be.

I am, etc.,

W.I.

S.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE CATERING TRADE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Addressing a Conservative demonstration at Leeds, the Prime Minister attributed much of the "tangle of social problems" to the unwisdom of our ancestors, but his criticism can also be directed to the clouded perception of their descendants. Consider the policy of modern administrations in granting permits to employers in the catering trade to obtain their labour such as waiters, porters, etc., from other European countries. The collective wisdom in the national assembly not only provided from taxation for the resulting unemployment of our own people, but we assist the displaced native worker to emigrate over-

seas. We provide fresh fields for our own population and replace them with the residue of other countries. Aliens have monopolized this business for the past thirty years, and as a former displaced native worker in our hotels and restaurants, I should estimate their numbers from 60 to 70 per cent.

I am, etc.,

H. G. HILLS

HEARTBREAK HOUSES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Gerald Barry's article on 'Heartbreak Houses' reminds me of a holiday spent in an old farmhouse. It was a perfect dream house, till it became a nightmare. After I had brought my head into intimate contact with the thirteenth-century lintel for the hundredth time or so (have we grown so much taller since those days?) I decided that a broken heart would be preferable to a broken head. A heart can only be broken once, but a head can be cracked many times a day. Of course no water was laid on, that had to be pumped up. Under these circumstances cleanliness became less of a necessity than I would have thought possible. There was no crude, harsh, electric light, we used oil lamps; soft, romantic lamplight, smelling faintly of paraffin.

Now for a word in defence of my faithful vacuum-sweeper. Can it be possible that people still move the dirt from carpet to furniture and back again to carpet when it is possible to remove it from the room?

In all seriousness, I appeal for a little mercy. We all want homes of our own but the supply of perfect thirteenth-century specimens is very limited, and most of them depend on modern devices for making them habitable. The capital cost of equipping a house with labour-saving devices is small compared with the cost of the servants they replace. Let us give credit where credit is due and admit that what we lack in picturesqueness we make up for in comfort and convenience.

I am, etc.,

E. M. A.

Forest Hill

"RIRE"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest the review, by "A. A. B.," of Sir Sidney Lee's 'King Edward VII,' which appeared in your issue of March 7. This passage in particular interests me:

The caricatures in a French paper called *Le Rire* were grossly indecent. As a wit of the day said: "We must all go to the Front now that the French attack Her Majesty in the *Rire*."

How many long-suffering schoolmasters of 1925 have even a guess that, between 1898 and 1901, the French word *rire* was pronounced in English "rear"?

I am, etc.,

"DOVER-CALAIS"

Conservative Club

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

COTSWOLD GALLERY (59 Frith Street, Soho). Line Engravings after J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Until April 8.

XXI GALLERY (Durham House Street, Adelphi). Etchings and Water-colours by Alexander Walker. Until April 9.

THE GOUPIE GALLERY (5 Regent Street, S.W.1). Paintings, Water-colours and Drawings. (See notice in this issue.)

THEATRES

ADELPHI THEATRE. 'Iris.' On Saturday, March 21, and subsequently.

GARRICK THEATRE. 'Possessions.' On Monday, March 23, and subsequently.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. 'The Bamboula.' On Tuesday, March 24, and subsequently.

NEW FICTION

BY GERALD GOULD

The Monkey-Puzzle. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

Upstairs. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

Just Like Aunt Bertha. By W. Pett Ridge. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

The Age of Miracles. By Conal O'Riordan. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

ONE gets, perhaps, a little tired of artists: I mean artists in books—for artists in real life are, as far as my experience goes, much like anybody else. In the more congenial atmosphere of fiction they rise djinn-like and menacing, spreading the mist of their corruption across the sunny air, or spanning earth with the rainbow colours of their delectable vices. For artists (in books) are immoral. Perhaps that is why one gets a little tired of them. They exercise monotonously a provoking prerogative. Mr. Beresford's artist is peculiarly irritating, because his immorality is of a feckless and pointless kind, and we are asked to believe that he is a great genius when somehow we feel that he isn't a genius at all. He says, in effect, to a priggish young woman: "Love me, or I will kill myself with drink and dope." It is a feeble kind of blackmail: he discards decency from weakness, not from strength: he is a sort of non-moral underman. The priggish young woman is happily married to the local squire, and has two charming children and plenty of money; but the blackmailing artist appeals to her particular brand of priggishness, and she half-under-takes to half-love him. That is to say, she is prepared to keep him hanging about. His presence gives her a text for explaining at great length to her husband her theory that people must be taken as they are; it also provides the village with a priceless opportunity of scandal. The husband is a charming fellow—stupid, meek and eager: a perfect gentleman. He tries to understand and live up to his wife's theory, which is more, as far as I can see, than she ever does herself. And the nemesis of all this fiddling is naturally that the conflagration takes its course: Rome did not stop burning to listen to Nero.

And if Mr. Beresford's book has a moral, I suppose the moral is this. Human beings are foolish, illogical, and unsuccessful; theories will never work. Possibly, however, there is no moral at all, but simply a gesture of kindly and compassionate ridicule. The story, anyway, purely as a story, is good; far the best that Mr. Beresford has given us for years. Though I do not believe in the artist for a moment, and believe in the squire's wife only far enough to find her dull, I recognize in the squire himself, in the vicar and the vicar's wife, and above all in poor Mrs. Priestley, Mr. Beresford's old creative touch; and the events are marshalled with a skill equal to that displayed in 'God's Counterpoint.' The way in which the unclean suspicions of the village gossips fester, and achieve tumescence, and burst, is a masterly study in the sordid; but the force and fineness of Mr. Beresford's mind suffice to ensure that sordidness shall not gain more than that superficial victory which the vanity of seasons and events affords.

Another author who has returned to, or near, a previous best level is Mrs. Victor Rickard. If 'Upstairs' cannot quite compare with 'Cathy Rossiter,' that is not because it is less good of its kind, for it is not, but because it deals with brighter and slighter things—with murder and mystery instead of the profounder sufferings of the soul. Mrs. Rickard, in short, has set out to write a "thriller," and has succeeded. Most people who write thrillers make the mistake of

concentrating on the thrill to the exclusion of probability, style, humour and human nature—so that by the time they have finished there is no thrill left. Mrs. Rickard makes neither that mistake nor its opposite: she does not complicate her plot with profundities. But she does realize her people with sympathy and precision: she does write with ease and distinction: and the result is that, despite certain minor improbabilities and unsatisfactory coincidences, her thriller thrills.

The reviewing of Mr. Pett Ridge has long since been able to take the easy form of mentioning the author's name as its own best laudation. To those unfamiliar with his work (if any such there be), it would be impossible to convey, save by lengthy quotation, the charm of his whimsical and ironic method: for those familiar with his work, his name suffices. Any novel by him is pretty sure to contain a central female figure of energy, resource and charm: that central figure is pretty sure to be victimized and exploited by weak-knee'd and not too scrupulous relations: and she is quite sure to redeem her kindness from insipidity by the wit and tartness of her tongue. 'Just Like Aunt Bertha' is just like Mr. Pett Ridge.

But if the reviewing of such a book is too easy, the reviewing of 'The Age of Miracles,' is too hard. So hard, indeed, is it, that I have toyed with the frankly cowardly alternative of leaving it unreviewed. But Mr. O'Riordan has a reputation; his books are looked for: and to ignore this particular one because I cannot praise it would be an act of cowardice to which I cannot quite steel myself. There might be good reasons for so ignoring a book, whoever the author: on occasion, as Ben Jonson said, "The best is silence." But mere dislike of the *kind* of book is not a good reason. 'The Age of Miracles' is exceedingly readable; it is, in parts—as one expects from Mr. O'Riordan—exceedingly witty; and that all the episodes are entirely impossible is no fault, but rather a merit, in a fantasy. What I cannot endure—what all my admiration for the author's pen and personality cannot commend to me for one moment—is the vein of sentiment in which the whole is conceived. I will illustrate my point by a single instance. The hero, Lord Dazincourt, spends his time between the Boer War and the Great War in training yeomanry; just before the Great War breaks out, he is asked to resign his commission because of a domestic scandal. Consequently, when the war comes, he is puzzled as to his duty. He is an old, old man in the early forties; also he wants a job of a particular brand. We are told that he "searched for some opening suitable to his talents and age which, without compelling him to massacre people with whom he had no quarrel as individuals, would yet allow him to feel that he was pulling his weight in the boat." If this means anything at all, it means that he desired a non-combatant job because he thought it the better kind—because he regarded fighting as "massacre." Yet he had spent his life in training yeomanry—not, presumably, for non-combatant work; and later on, when he does get to France in a non-combatant capacity, he is represented as having been, by the loss of his commission, "robbed of a man's share in the war." This seems a really egregious attempt to have it both ways. There was nothing in the world to prevent a fit man in the early forties—especially a trained and experienced man—from taking "a man's share in the war" by fighting, if he regarded fighting as the only such. Lord Dazincourt apparently expects to get sympathy because he was "robbed" of something of which he had "robbed" himself because he did not want it—and also to get sympathy for the not wanting. This, as I say, is typical: it is a small point, but significant; and there is not, throughout, one single episode, military, amorous or merely conversational, which is not vitiated by the same sentimentality. I am sure Mr. O'Riordan is generous enough to forgive me for protesting that this witty and readable book is wholly unworthy of him.

REVIEWS

AMERICA'S VICTORIANS

Strenuous Americans. By R. F. Dibble. Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.

THE plea for briefer biographies recently made in the SATURDAY REVIEW, by Mr. G. H. Mair, hardly stands in need of corroboration; the two-volume onslaught is a public nuisance that condemns itself. If further evidence were needed there is the power of Mr. Lytton Strachey to portray Queen Victoria's long life in one volume and a handful of the Victorian notables in another. Mr. Dibble's book is further proof that no historian should begin who has not got clear notions about stopping. His 'Strenuous Americans' is in some ways a parallel to 'Eminent Victorians'; it is concise without being merely curt; it is ironical without being savage; and it creates a background for each portrait without swamping the model in a haze of lighting and colour effects. This is not to say that Mr. Strachey has found his match across the Atlantic, but it is plain that he has acquired a not unworthy disciple who can be pithy and precise.

The figures in Mr. Dibble's gallery include a blazing comet of the bandit world, one Jesse James, who not only forestalled the films in time but outplayed their most daring exploits in audacity. The America of feminist "up-lift" has its heroine in Frances Willard, who carried parlour prayers into the saloon and fortunately died before prohibition had carried the saloon into the parlour. Admiral Dewey gives the author his chance to put American Imperialism on view and Mark Hanna opens up the political scene. James J. Hill, the rail-road boss, makes a theme for the explanation of financial genius and P. T. Barnum is a circus in himself. Perhaps the most remarkable figure is that of Brigham Young, who took up the mantle of Prophet Joseph Smith, that superb figure crystallizing the sacerdotalism of all the ages with his confident assertion, "God is my right-hand man."

Brigham Smith, the Lion of the Lord, died on the pillar of Mormon communism and left nearly three million dollars. However, he had a sufficient supply of heirs, since his addiction to the Celestial Marriage System had provided seventeen widows and forty-four children to attend his funeral. Young was a great as well as an uxorious man; he carried his flock out of affliction, guiding them in peril and leaving them secure. He led one of the most remarkable migrations in history and his figure in the preacher's desk (with concealed spittle) was sovereignty personified. While Young was at the summit of his triumph, little Miss Willard was emerging to climb her Puritan peaks and Barnum was shaking kings and presidents by the hand in the intervals of advertising the nuptials of his dwarfs. An amazing nation! Surely Charles Dickens might have found more there for his laughter and less for his anger. Mr. Dibble, indeed, does not break out into any literary guffaw; but he smiles as he recounts it all, the vigour, the religiosity, the *naïveté*, the self-confidence which made the American Victorians lords of a crude, confiding world. They have given up their throne—perhaps to Babbitt. And when matched with Babbitt's standards, there is something to be said for the Barnums and Brighams of the pre-rotarian days.

JOHNSON WITHOUT BOSWELL

Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson During the Last Twenty Years of His Life. By Hesther Lynch Piozzi. Edited, with an Introduction, by S. C. Roberts. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. PIOZZI, better known as Mrs. Thrale, had an advantage over Boswell. He worried Johnson and everybody else with his persistent search after

material for his great book. At the comfortable houses of the Thrales Johnson lived in a luxury he had not known, and expanded to late hours and innumerable cups of tea. Thrale was a silent and cold-blooded voluptuary, but his wife had real gifts for social entertainment and a considerable appreciation of literature. Her impromptus, if they can be trusted as genuine, show remarkable readiness at turning a couplet, and she aspired to foreign languages.

Her narrative is occasionally faulty in detail, as Boswell points out with some acerbity, but it presents the Doctor with skill and animation. It shows particularly how keen he was to rebuke the fastidious fads of the rich. Mrs. Thrale wished for some rain to lay the dust:

I cannot bear (replied he, with much asperity and an altered look), when I know how many poor families will perish next winter for want of that bread which the present drought will deny them, to hear ladies sighing for rain, only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat, or their clothes be incommoded by the dust; for shame! leave off such foppish lamentations, and study to relieve those whose distresses are real.

At Streatham Johnson also indulged in a gaiety and merriment which showed him to great advantage. We can see the easy terms he was on with the "Mistress," to whom he could write:

Everybody was an enemy to that wig. We will burn it, and get drunk; for what is joy without drink? Well, but seriously I think I shall be glad to see you in your own hair.

He wished her to have her fill of entertainment. The ladies all flattered the uncouth and formidable dictator of letters, but he had no right to suppose that any of them loved him. Mrs. Thrale, on the contrary, had a perfect right to marry Piozzi, if she chose, and Johnson's outburst on the subject was unworthy of him. The world has generally taken her side in the affair, but it is well to have the sound comments of Mr. Roberts, now an old hand at Johnsoniana. The 'Anecdotes' are still worth reading. In spite of Boswell's derision, they give a striking picture, truthful in the main, of Johnson's independence, hatred of cant, and brilliant powers of talk. The frontispiece, showing the sage in the summer-house, gives a good idea of the comforts of Streatham, which was very different from the overcrowded house in Gough Square.

"MESPOT"

The Campaign in Mesopotamia. By Brig.-Gen. F. J. Moberly. Vol. II. H.M. Stationery Office. 21s. net.

IN this instalment of his lucid and balanced narrative, Brigadier-General Moberly deals with a long series of reverses culminating in the surrender of Kut. Of Kut itself so much has been written that, with little space to spare, comment may more usefully be directed to the earlier misfortunes and errors which rendered the tragedy of Kut almost inevitable. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the prime cause of disaster was the shooting down by the Turks of the aeroplane in which Major Reilly was making a reconnaissance of the Ctesiphon position. There were with Townshend at that time only two usable aeroplanes. One had been used that morning for an inspection of the Ctesiphon region, and the observer had reported no change, but Major Reilly discovered very important additions to the Turkish forces. Instead of getting back to the British with news that the 51st Division, immeasurably superior in efficiency to all the other Turkish forces except perhaps the 45th Division, had been added to the enemy's strength, he fell into Turkish hands, enriching his captives with a map, priceless to them, of the region from the Diyala to Azizya. Had the British received Major Reilly's information, they would hardly have ventured to deliver the attack that cost the assailants so much. But Ctesiphon must be almost unique among battles, for

the number and variety of important decisions made on both sides on inaccurate or totally unfounded information. The masses of retreating Turks seen by Townshend and Delamain during the battle still remain mysterious; it was too early in the day for a mirage. They have their counterpart in the purely imaginary British activity, reported by a Turkish cavalry leader, which caused the Turks later on to fall back hastily.

After Ctesiphon, Townshend scarcely had any alternative but to retreat to Kut, though both he and Nixon changed their minds several times about it. And yet the reviewer heard it suggested on the spot many months later, and finds the idea not discouraged by the present official narrative, that a small chance did offer itself in the affair of Umm-at-Tubul, during the retreat. The Turks, in that affair, blundered on the British at dawn. The rapid and admirably concentrated artillery fire which Townshend ordered simply to cover his further withdrawal, took the Turks by surprise, and very large bodies of the main Turkish force broke and fled, remaining out of action for several hours, while one Turkish regiment, which had lost its way before dawn, was left facing the British camp with the Tigris on its right and no support on its left. As it was, only the gallantry of another Turkish regiment in checking the British cavalry prevented the whole enemy force from being scattered; and a prompt general advance would have given the British a victory of considerable importance. But Townshend's plan was retreat, and the action was broken off. His troops were indeed worn with fighting and marching. When they reached Kut they had marched 44 miles in 36 hours, at the end of nearly a fortnight's severe fighting under conditions of great hardship. They had left at Ctesiphon at least one immortal memory, that of Gurkha Mound, which 400 men, of the 24th Punjab and 7th Gurkhas, defended for hours against a whole Turkish Division, finally obliging the enemy to fall back.

MALLORCA AND MIDDLESBOROUGH

Gone Abroad. By Douglas Goldring. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. GOLDRING'S delightful book reminds us of the schoolboy who translated *amours de voyage* as "a love of a journey." That is exactly what it is—gay, high-spirited, full of insight. Mr. Goldring speaks modestly somewhere of "the faithful half-dozen or so" who constitute his public. We can assure him that in future he may confidently count on seven. He has the gift of showing us things as he saw them, and as the things that he likes to see are mostly picturesque and rather romantic it is a pleasure to accompany him about the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. His first eighty pages deal with a holiday spent in the Balearic Islands, of which most English readers know little more than the fact that they once contributed the champion slingers to the armies of Imperial Rome. Mr. Goldring will persuade many readers to follow in his track, for he paints a thoroughly charming picture of one of the few countries still remaining where they fleet the time merrily as men did in the golden age. Scenery and people are very attractive, possibly even more attractive in Mr. Goldring's lively and spirited pages than the normal tourist would find them in reality. A good deal of the charm is diffused from the personality of the merry-minded Teresita, such a travelling companion as few brothers can find to go abroad with them. "I never met anyone who did less sight-seeing and yet saw more"—she is not only mirthful in herself but the cause of mirth in others. From the Balearic Islands Mr. Goldring proceeded to Italy, whence also he has brought home some sunny and brilliant sketches. One of the ablest pieces of writing in his book, in a style as different as vitriol is from champagne, is a brief but incisive etching of

Middlesborough, regarded in the light of "Hell with the lid off." Mr. Goldring hated the town but loved the people. Johnson, who loved a good hater, would have excepted Mr. Goldring from his usual condemnation of travellers.

THE HISTORY OF RICHMOND

Bygone Richmond. By H. M. Cundall. With 46 illustrations. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is, we believe, no standard history of Richmond. Mr. Cundall has shown how varied and numerous are its associations with interesting people. Henry VII made the Palace, and the Georges and their wives the gardens of Kew. The handsome bridge, dating from 1777, has attracted the attention of some famous artists. Facsimiles of tickets for the Park show that it was once reserved for the fashionable, but local protest changed that, just as it drove out old "Q," when that dissolute duke strove to increase his boundaries at the public expense. He and George Selwyn were typical figures of the gay town in Georgian days. Selwyn did not suppose himself the father of the "Mie Mie" he loved so tenderly, as Mr. Cundall writes. What evidence there is in his own letters goes distinctly against any such idea. The mother's name was Fagnani, not Fagniani. The tradition that Shakespeare a year before his death stayed with the Vicar at Isleworth is quite new to us. The "Star and Garter" is now gone, and there are only bits of the old taverns. "The Castle" was the scene of more than one jaunt by the festive William Hickey and friends. He notes the visit of the Fishmongers' barge. The author tells us that the City Companies went down the river in this gay way in the eighteenth century. The theatres of old Richmond have long ceased to exist, but once they were crowded. Selwyn complains of the rush to see the *étourdi* Lord Barrymore, who was doubtless nothing like so charming as Mrs. Jordan, a beautiful actress and royal favourite. The second theatre was in the hands of Colley Cibber's son, who, being unable in 1756 to obtain a license for the continuation of the performances, evaded the law by advertising a "Cephalic Snuff Warehouse." The figures are so crowded on the less than a hundred pages that they have sometimes overtaken Mr. Cundall's powers of writing. Among his curiosities are cricket in 1666, dog-bite cured by a dip in sea-water, and a hydropathist tried at the Old Bailey for manslaughter. A letter from Ruskin, asked to subscribe to pay off the debt on an iron chapel, is a gem of purest invective.

If the text is a little scrappy, the illustrations are first-rate. Reynolds has done the water meadows, Gainsborough stately royalty walking in Kew, and Rowlandson the Palace and military manoeuvres on the Green. We can see houses of note, from that of the Fitzwilliam recorded in the Cambridge Museum to the modest home of George Eliot, while King Charles's map and views of White Lodge recall the wide expanses of the Park, where royalty used to hunt the stag with the rest of the *beau monde*.

YOUTH AND MAIDENHOOD

Youth and Maidenhood. By L. S. Wood. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

THE torrent of poetic anthologies now pouring upon the public must soon set the wits of the anthologizers to the excogitation of fresher and more original motives for their compilations. One can appreciate a collection of poems of childhood, of nature, of love, of poems belonging to a well-marked literary period, and so on, but if the present competitive fury endures we may conceivably be flooded with anthologies of poems ending with the letter P, or beginning with the apostrophe "O God," or of poems written by men between the ages of forty-seven and sixty-three, who met their deaths from dog-bite. This latest col-

lection is of poems relating to youth and maidenhood, a somewhat meagre vein, reduced to tenuity by the omission of "love poems in the ordinary sense." "It is the period that covers," so the compiler says, "the last years at a primary school and the first years at the university." It may be mentioned that several of the greatest poets here represented, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Burns and Keats for example, never attended a university at all, and that the mass of readers are likewise destitute of that chastening experience. Within its severe limits the compiler has done his (or her) work very industriously, but the majority of the poems do not reach any very distinguished level. Burns is represented only by 'Auld Lang Syne,' which is certainly no expression of youth. Neither is Shakespeare's invocation 'O sleep, O gentle sleep.' Chaucer and Keats come off very poorly. No Irish poets are included, and of American the omission of Whitman is inexplicable. There are, however, the first three verses of 'Eugene Aram,' 'Casabianca,' and 'The Song of the Ilkley Grammar-School.'

A JUDGE'S NOTES

This for Remembrance. By Bernard, Lord Coleridge. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

OBEDIENT the "sweet memory" of a daughter who urged the writing of this book, the second Lord Coleridge, sometime one of His Majesty's judges, hesitates. Autobiography, a life's experience recorded in truth and candour, he can well allow. But he would agree with Pascal that egotism is hateful. And what of due reserve and modesty? In the result, he gives us collections and recollections. He shrinks from thrusting his own personality on others. You are his friend, if you "can look with kindly or even tolerant eye" upon his tastes and whims. And, presently, it is found that the manner of the book, as well as its matter, leads us back to the man. Our professions deform us, Taine used to say. Not necessarily; but we are apt to be moulded by training and that in which we work. The influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge is here, but still more that of Eton and Oxford. An eager pedestrian and devout lover of nature, Lord Coleridge shyly inserts a page on contemplation, and it bears the whole stamp of Latin elegy. Dealing with man, his tone is that of one versed in Latin historians and oratory. Debater from Eton days, and member of the House of Commons during nine years, he sums up the traits of party leaders almost as though he were setting copy for Latin version. It is excellent, this portraiture, if something biased and all too parsimonious. Characteristically, in each case it is the manner and management of the speaker that engage him. Counsel, he states two curious trials in sparest and sufficient terms. As Judge—are not our gravest allowed to unbend in season? He has his chapters of such 'Jocoseria' as discreet lawyers may interchange; of 'Qualia-cunque sint' with judicial notes of human nature, and addresses of polished elegance to recipients of Middle Temple honours. About to perorate in eulogy of Gladstone, he smiles decorously, recording how his hero, loved this side idolatry, put into practice his nervous shock, while returning from a dinner party. Visiting the theatre, it is still the orator he specially observes in the actor. And lest he be altogether counted as one of those neo-Roman British of the University, those "cast-iron men, *dura ilia*" at whom Emerson used to marvel, here is he ready to discourse upon music. With simple amiability, he pleads for the old songs that touch the heart, the chamber-music that is all beauty. It is simplicity that his grandfather, Sir John, in the diary here given in part, sought and loved in his contemporaries. It is a certain and dignified simplicity that is salient in Lord Coleridge himself.

SHORTER NOTICES

Stoicism and its Influence. By R. M. Wenley Harrap. 5s. net.

THIS interesting book by a learned scholar goes down to modern days, when Stoicism does not mean the course of mental training and seclusion it once implied. It has, however, at its best, been an attitude to life rather than a coherent system, and Prof. Wenley shows that its tenets are not consistent with each other. Still they added something to Christianity, and retain an appeal to those who seek high ideals in life. "They sought to discover, even to guarantee, a primary relation between moral and natural law." This book is deep in generalizations which nobody can prove. Some of the Stoics are mere figures—Posidonius just now may be overrated—but we have at least two manuals of Roman times whence typical quotations might have been more frequently drawn. The claim that the Stoics represent a formative power of great and lasting importance is just, for they influenced Roman law, as is shown. The English tribute of quotation from Epictetus is extensive, though, so far as we know, uncollected. It includes not only moralists, like Johnson and Addison, but Congreve in 'Love for Love' and Pepys in his Diary. During the war we heard a young naval officer say that he always took to Marcus Aurelius in time of trouble. Others have found him a noble prig. He is a typical Stoic in his apotheosis of personal, inward reason. He could not hear when

a sweet Voice 'Love thy neighbour' said.

The Stoics compromised with the world, like other earnest thinkers, and the author is at his best in explaining the needs they had to face with material partly obsolete.

The Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Articles. By D. T. W. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS should be a useful book for those who buy or sell pieces of old plate. It contains lists of the various hall marks and date-letters for London, Chester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin—the seven assay offices which are still in existence—by means of which any article bearing one of these hall marks can be identified with its year and place of origin. The author points out that other offices were in operation at various times between 1423 and 1884—such as York, Exeter, Bristol, Newcastle, Norwich, Salisbury and Coventry—but does not reproduce their marks. The marks on imported plate are briefly indicated.

Trial of Henry Fauntleroy and other Famous Trials for Forgery. Edited by Horace Bleackley. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

IN 1837, after several unsuccessful attempts, a handful of reformers brought about the abolition of the death penalty for forgery. With decline in the severity of punishment for it, forgery lost much of its thrill, and few recent forgers have attracted anything like the interest aroused by Henry Fauntleroy. In the crime itself his artistry, it is true, was but lightly tested, for both his own clients and the Bank of England officials were absurdly unsuspecting; but in the subsequent covering up of his offence, in repeated and highly complicated juggling with accounts, he showed a nerve, resource and industry that have never been surpassed. That he did the Bank of England out of £300,000, gross, is matter for the inscription on one side of his monument; on another should be engraved the fact that the quality of his Curaçoa was unapproached. "Fauntleroy," said a friend to him, on the eve of his execution, "we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can take nothing out. Now, as a friend, tell me where you got that Curaçoa." Mr. Bleackley does not record whether the informa-

tion was yielded up, but his book gives us a great deal of detailed matter about Fauntleroy, and it is not his fault if the trial, in the absence of any defence, lacks drama of the sort to which this excellent series has accustomed us. We deplore the indiscretion which gives readers the name assumed by Fauntleroy's son, who died, a respected clergyman, well within living memory, and members of whose family survive and can now be identified.

Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate. By G. Le Strange. Milford. Oxford University Press. 16s. net.

MR. LE STRANGE'S book is a new edition of the useful work that he published a quarter of a century ago. Since that date Baghdad has become a much more familiar name to the English reader, and the book is of more than purely academic interest. It is very largely based on the manuscript of the geographer Ibn Serapion, written about the year 900. But there seems to be no lack of topographical authority and the author's comparison of his sources is exhaustive and careful.

The Evolution of Spiritualism. By Harvey Metcalfe. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. METCALFE is, or was, a professional medium, and the brief chapter describing his experiences contains one or two interesting anecdotes. The historical portion of his book is very badly written and disfigured by the largest crop of misprints that we have seen for a long time. We read of Tiburnius and Dessalina, Herodus and Xenophen, Orid and Suctonius, Porthyry and Tamblichus, Marathan and Pythagorus. Mr. Metcalfe tells us that the book was written by an author in his teens and "not revised," but what was the printer's reader doing?

The 'Responsa' of Rabbi Solomon Ben Adreth of Barcelona (1235-1310). By Isidore Epstein. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.

THE decisions of the Chief Rabbis in the disputed cases submitted to them has preserved for us some vivid pictures of the society in which the Jewish community was imbedded, and Dr. Epstein has selected the recorded decisions of Raskba (as Rabbi Ardreth is called), amounting to over three thousand, as material for a study of the communal life of the Jews in medieval Spain, especially in Aragon, and as a source for the history of Spain. Even in the thirteenth century the Jews lived apart in a walled quarter, answering to the later ghetto, and governed themselves by the sanction of ex-communications, with the connivance of the King. This book gives a very complete picture of Jewish life and political affairs at that time and place; it is clearly written and full of good material for romance.

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for the Acrostic Competition will in future be on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 150.

MISCALLED ABSURDLY, THROUGH SOME GARDENER'S BLUNDER.

1. Two-fifths of one surnamed a Son of Thunder.
2. Into my charge the oil for light was given.
3. What are the hills when heaven with lightning's riven?
4. In gold and brass his son with cunning wrought.
5. A questioning method by which truth was taught.
6. Mine, rest assured, none but myself can write.
7. When winter comes, his heart again shines bright.
8. Superfluous, we, unwanted, sir, *de trop*!
9. A handsome cousin of the homely crow.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 157.

IN LANCASHIRE TWO THRIVING CITIES BE,
ONE INLAND, ONE NOT DISTANT FROM THE SEA.

1. Halve him whose helm Don Quixote set great store on.
2. "Such critters no one wishes there were more on."
3. Its day a landmark forms in our existence.
4. In fouling corn-fields this shows great persistence.
5. Of human pleasures purest,—so says Bacon.
6. When violent, the kettle-lid is shaken.
7. Wallowing in this the burdened pilgrim see.
8. Obtained by an incision in a tree.
9. Rules and right reason here are laughed to scorn.
10. My theory of rent says this is torn.

Solution to Acrostic No. 157.

M	am	Brino ¹	¹ See 'Don Quixote,' ch. x, xxv, xlv.
A	nthropophag	I	xlv.
N	ew-yea	R	² "A common and most pernicious weed
C	harloc	K ³	in cornfields, sometimes springing
H	orticultur	E	up profusely from ground which has
E	bullitio	N	recently been disturbed, though un-
S	loug	H ⁴	known there before."
T	urpentin	E	JOHN'S 'Flowers of the Field.'
E	xtravanganz	A	³ See 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'
R	agge	D ⁴	⁴ Ricardo's 'Theory of Rent' throws no

light on this point.

ACROSTIC No. 157.—The winner is Mr. John W. Fawdry, Top Flat, 35 Waverley Road, Southsea, who has selected as his prize 'Half a Minute's Silence,' by Maurice Baring, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on March 7 under the title of 'New Fiction.' Fourteen other solvers chose this book, 13 named 'Studies in Victorian Literature,' 8 'The Gay Intrigue,' 8 'The Treasure House of Belgium,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Lillian, Gladys P. Lamont, Vera Hope, R. Eccles, Old Mancunian, St. Ives, Boskeris, Vron, Gay, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Carrie, Quis, M. G. Woodward, Jeff, Martha, Tyro, Met, Capt. Wolseley, and Tiner.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Bordenyke, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Vixen, Baldersby, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, R. H. Boothroyd, R. Ransom, Sisyphus, Maud Crowther, Mrs. J. Butler, Stucco, Roan, Zoozoo, E. G. Horner, Oakapple, Madge, Bunny, Jay, C. E. C., Canon Nance, M.B., N. O. Sellam, G. W. Miller, East Sheen, M. Story, Viking, Baltho, D. L., Kirkton, Hanworth, F. D. Leeper, and Carlton.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: J. D. T., Dodeka, Roid, Lady Mottram, Agamemnon, Peter, Margaret, Ruth Bevan, L. M. Maxwell, and C. J. Warden. All others more.

As several solvers point out, Birkenhead is in Cheshire, not in Lancashire. For any extra trouble caused by this blunder I tender a sincere apology.

ACROSTIC No. 156.—Correct: Tyro and F. D. Leeper.

AGAMEMNON AND CEYX.—The Anaconda is "more fell" precisely because it is real and not mythical. The Amphisbaena, like the Blindworm, was erroneously supposed to be deadly.

HELY OWEN.—If not quite dead yet, they are certainly speechless, and no longer feared by the Gods, however formidable they may be to mortals.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN UP-TO-DATE

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THE "Bangkok Times," in a leading article referring to Mr. van der Hoop's great flight, states that the intrepid Dutch aviator attributed his success to the excellence of his Rolls-Royce engine and

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MOTORIZING SAFETY CONTROL

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

VARIOUS methods of safeguarding the public have been adopted during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since mechanically propelled vehicles appeared on the highway. Almost all the methods adopted were concerned with the speed of vehicles, which was limited by legislation and further reduced in certain districts by means of restricted or ten-mile-per-hour speed limits. There is a growing conviction at the present time among those in authority that speed in itself is not dangerous provided that it is well under control. In France and in the United States of America greater interest is taken in the distance in which a vehicle can be brought to a standstill than in limiting its speed. Our Ministry of Transport is drafting a Roads Vehicle Bill, which it is expected will be laid before Parliament this year. Forecasts of its provisions suggest that the present speed limit is to be abolished and other safeguards provided to decrease, as far as possible, the number of accidents.

* * *

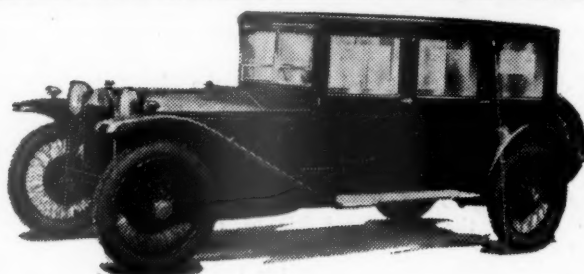
The following method of dealing with dangerous driving has now been taken up by the Prefect of the Puy de Dome district in France. He proposes that every driver should have sufficient control over his car to stop in a measured distance after a signal has been given to him by a police officer. The proposed distances are twenty-two yards on an open road, eleven yards in towns and villages, and five and a half yards on curves, narrow roads, steep descents, and other places where the view is obstructed. Thus it will be seen that the factor of speed is eliminated and the power of the brakes substituted, although the

speed at which the car is travelling at the moment a signal is given will naturally have considerable effect on the distance in which it can pull up. In America the Bureau of Standards at Washington, working in conjunction with the American Automobile Association, has drawn up a memorandum in which it recommends the adoption by all the States and cities of the following rules: that motor cars should be able to be stopped in fifty feet by the use of the foot-brake only, when travelling at a speed of twenty miles an hour, and that at the same speed the car should be stopped in seventy-five feet by using the hand brake only. In both instances this refers to a level flat road, dry, and free from loose material on its surface. These recommendations allow for the usual methods of driving in that country, where motorists use the pedal brake most in actual practice and the hand brake in holding the car at rest and as an emergency brake.

* * *

Improvement in braking results has been effected during the past two years by the more general adoption of brakes on all four wheels of motors, and larger brake drums and more friction surface where brakes are applied to the rear wheels only. This is a corollary to the general increase of accelerating power in the modern motor car engine. British cars have lately shown much improvement in braking power and are quite capable of conforming either to the French or the American standards of stopping within a measured distance. For instance, during a recent test the 10 h.p. Swift touring car, seating four persons comfortably, which is capable of a maximum speed of fifty miles an hour, was easily halted at twenty miles an hour inside fifteen yards by its rear wheel brake drums, and a 14 h.p. Bean, fitted with four-wheel brakes, the maximum speed of which is fifty-five miles an hour, pulled up at twenty miles an hour in eight yards, using only the foot-brake.

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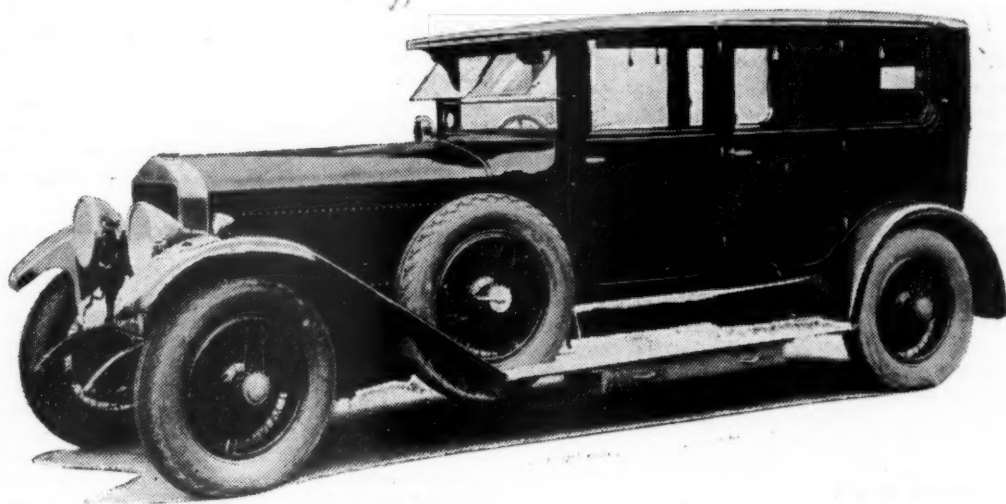
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Austrian National Bank began operations as a Joint Stock Company on January 2, 1923. A dividend of 8½% was paid for the year ending December 31, 1923, and a dividend of 10½% has been declared for the year ending December 31, 1924. It will be remembered that the Bank was established in accordance with the Protocol of the League of Nations in Geneva on October 4, 1922, and played an important part in the Reconstruction plan for Austria. In view of the unique position which the Bank holds, as regards earning substantial profits, its shares are, of their class, a very attractive investment. The sterling price for the bearer shares with English stamp is about £5 10s. As the 1924 dividend will be payable at the end of March, a purchase now includes this dividend of about 8s. 9d., which brings the price down to £5 1s. 3d. Even if the dividend is not again increased this year, the yield at this price is over 8½%. The nominal value of the shares is 100 gold crowns; that is 20.2625 dollars, or about £4 5s. 2d. Taking sterling at par (which is probably an anticipation of only a few months) the nominal value will be £4 3s. 3d., and a 10½% dividend 8s. 9d.; at to-day's rate the dividend is a few pence higher. The figures for 1924 have this week been received in London. The balance sheet shows a net profit of 15,227,428 Gold Crowns, against a net profit of 3,383,341 Gold Crowns for 1923. Taking the dollar at 4.78, this means that a profit equivalent to £645,493 has been earned on a capital equivalent to £1,271,250. It would appear that the functions and profit-earning capabilities of a national bank are not yet fully appreciated in this country, otherwise these shares would stand at a higher level. It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody any good, and in this case the far-seeing investor can make a sound investment at a reasonable price. The shares are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange and can be purchased at about 5½ cum a dividend of 8s. 9d., at which price I recommend them for increasing dividends and capital appreciation.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

Comment is being made on the way in which Grand Trunk Pacific news is intelligently anticipated. For the last two years there has been considerable activity in this stock, and in nearly every case where news has been published which affected the price, there has been evidence of a leakage. Holders of these bonds have surely had enough to worry them without this added sense of insecurity. In my opinion this sort of thing is most undesirable, and it is on behalf of stockholders and the Stock Exchange jobbers who deal in the stock that I draw attention to a state of affairs that requires alteration. In this respect our big industrial concerns set an excellent example. Take, for instance, the recent Courtauld figures: every shareholder had an equal chance, not a whisper was heard prior to the issue of the official figures to the Press.

HENRY GARDNER & CO.

I do not as a general rule like partly-paid shares, but I am inclined to favour the £1 Ordinary shares of Henry Gardiner & Co., although they are only 10s.

paid. The Company was registered in July, 1919, to take over the business of Henry Gardner (successors of Henry R. Merton & Co.), metal brokers. The Company's accounts are made up to March 31 each year and submitted in June. The year just ending has been an active one on the metal exchange and I hear the Company has done well. The issued capital is £1,000,000 in 1,000,000 Ordinary shares. At March 31, 1924, the reserve fund stood at £130,000. If the Company has done as well as I anticipate this year, it would not be surprising if the reserve fund were added to and the total utilized in declaring a bonus for the purpose of making the shares, say 12s. 6d. paid. They are, of their class, a good lock up at the present price of 12s. 9d.

VOCALION GRAMOPHONE.

The prospectus of the Vocalion Gramophone Company appeared on January 15, when markets turned suddenly dull after the New Year activity, with the result that the issue was not fully subscribed. The capital of the Company is £250,000 in 10s. shares. I am informed that the Company is doing extremely well, and that big orders are being received. That the advent of broadcasting has not jeopardized the success of gramophone and gramophone record companies is shown in the results obtained by the Columbia Graphophone Company, the 10s. shares of which Company now stand at 42s. 6d. I see no reason why the Vocalion Company should not in time do equally well. The Board is a strong one, and the management is in capable hands. In view of these facts, I recommend a purchase of these shares at the present price of 10s. 3d. for good dividends and capital appreciation in the next twelve months.

HARRODS (BUENOS AIRES)

Early in 1924 the capital of Harrods Buenos Aires, Ltd., was reorganized, the £1 Ordinary shares being written down to 15s., and the arrears of preference dividend funded. At the same time the value of the assets were written down on the basis of the exchange at 38½—which incidentally is the lowest point the Argentine Exchange has ever touched. It is now 46. For the year ending August 31, 1924, the dividend on the Ordinary shares and the 5% interest on the Funding Certificates were both paid. Since that date, there has been a marked improvement in conditions in the Argentine. I understand that the first six months' trading for the year to end August 31, 1925, has been very satisfactory, and I expect greatly improved results for the year. The 8% Cumulative Preference shares can be bought at 20s. 4½d., at which price I think them decidedly attractive.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE COMMITTEE

On the eve of the election of a new Committee for the London Stock Exchange, I would again draw attention to the fact that so far no steps have been taken to open the Stock Exchange on Saturdays. I fully appreciate the difficulties in the way of this much needed reversion to pre-war habits. I also realize that it would not be popular with a large number of members; but in view of the fact that 99% of the members of the stock exchange anxiously await improved trade in the country, and that this is probably dependent on more work being done by everyone, I feel that stockbrokers and jobbers should be prepared to sacrifice a Saturday morning's golf.

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